

yes, it must be a funeral—grief loves not the company of the gay and joyous—the deafening cheer grows largely in the ear of those who mourn. But it is a funeral—though it might be well styled the funeral of Tory hopes. It is the four Tory magistrates returning from their unsuccessul mission—the only ones of that multitude who had reason to be ashamed of their position. It was the only thing that could have made the procession complete. The one solitary carriage containing "the head of the Conservative party" forming the tail of the Radical triumphal procession.

A letter-writer in the *Hamilton Spectator*, and dating from London, states that there were 10,000 present in London to receive His Excellency. If we allow the usual amount (one half) for Tory deductions, it would make the number present something near 20,000!

ARRIVAL OF HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR GENERAL.

On Tuesday afternoon, His Excellency the Governor General made his public entry into the city, and we are happy to say that everything passed off with the utmost calm.

His Excellency left Niagara in the morning on board the *Queen's*, at midnight crossed the Niagara River, and arrived at the Young's Street Wharf, at half-past 2 P.M. On landing, His Excellency was met at the end of the Wharf by the Mayor and Corporation, the Sheriff, and other authorities—Col. Plomer Young, and a great of honor being also in attendance. The battery at the foot of the Wharf fired a royal salute as the Governor-General landed.

His Excellency entered a carriage with the Mayor, and proceeded slowly up the wharf, followed by the members of the Corporation, and other authorities, and he was met on Front Street by a large body of the most respectable citizens of every shade of politics, who had formed in procession for His Excellency's reception.

The top of the wharf, the buildings all around, and several immense piles of wood were covered with people, and the wide vacant space between the Custom House and the American Hotel was densely crowded. Flags and banners waved on most of the surrounding houses—the ships in the bay hoisted their colours, and as the immense throng sent forth their deafening acclamations, and crowded round His Excellency's carriage, again raising the enthusiastic cheer—the scene presented was gratifying in the extreme.

As His Excellency passed up the wharf, two miscreants who were informed, we recently arrived from Montreal, threw each an egg at the carriage, but without effect; the scoundrels were immediately taken into custody and the cavalcade swept on amid the hurrahs of the multitude.

The procession moved up Yonge Street to King Street, and then turned West until it arrived at Ella's Hotel, which had been prepared for His Excellency's reception. The Stores and houses along the entire route were thronged with gay groups; flags and tartans waved from house to house, and cheering and waving of handkerchiefs were the order of the day. Here and there a few notes of disparagement were occasionally heard, but they were no sooner uttered than they were drowned by a deafening burst of applause.

His Excellency having left the carriage at Ella's Hotel, and taken up his station on the porch of the Hotel, the Mayor read the following address from the City Council, as adopted a few weeks ago:

TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE RIGHT HON. JAMES EARL OF ELGIN AND KINCARDINE, GOVERNOR GENERAL, &c. &c.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY,

We, the Officers and Members of the Toronto Mechanics' Institute, avail ourselves of the opportunity now presented, to offer to your Excellency a hearty welcome to our Hall; and to express our high gratification at the manner in which you have accepted the invitation to visit the exhibition.

It is my firm conviction, moreover, that the inhabitants of Canada, generally, are averse to agitation, and that all communities as well as individuals, who aspire to take a lead in the affairs of the Province, will best fit themselves for that high vocation, by exhibiting habitually in their demeanour, the love of order and of peaceful progress.

I have observed with much anxiety and concern the commercial depression from which the City of Toronto, in common with other important towns in the Province, has of late so seriously suffered. I trust, however, with you, that the crisis is now past, and that the abundant harvest with which providence has blessed the country, will, ere long, restore its commerce to a healthy tone.

The completion of your water communication with the ocean, has been watched with a lively interest by all who have at heart the welfare of Canada and the continuance of the connexion so happily subsisting between this Province and the Parent State. These great works have undoubtedly been the occasion of some financial embarrassment while in progress. But I firmly believe that the result will prove that the investment you have made in them, has been judicious, and that you have secured thereby for your children, and your children's children, an inheritance that will not fall them so long as the law of nature induces, which causes the waters of your vast inland seas to seek an outlet to the ocean. I am truly obliged to you for the congratulations which you offer me on the birth of my son, and for the kind interest which you express in Lady Elgin's health; I am happy to be able to inform you that she has already derived much benefit from her sojourn in Upper Canada.

From the densely-crowded state of the space in front of the Hotel, and the cheering constantly kept up on the outskirts of the assemblage, the Address and Answer were not distinctly heard. His Excellency concluded, cheers of the immense throng rang forth with undiminished vigour. The Governor General then took his station in the reception-room and the Mayor proceeded to present to His Excellency such citizens as desired to pay their respects. About three hundred of the leading persons of the city and vicinity had the honor of being presented, and we were glad to observe that among them were gentlemen of every creed and political opinion. The presentation closed about five o'clock, having occupied nearly two hours, without intermission.

The reception which the Governor General received must have been highly gratifying to His Excellency, and we congratulate the citizens of both political parties, on the good feeling displayed throughout. It is difficult to estimate the number of persons who took part in the demonstration, but many thousands were present on the occasion.

Yesterday, during the morning, the Governor General was visited by a number of the principal inhabitants, and in the course of the day His Excellency, accompanied by the Mayor, proceeded to the new Lunatic Asylum, and inspected the spacious premises, which are nearly completed. The Asylum Commissioners received the Governor General on his arrival and accompanied him through the buildings, with which His Excellency expressed himself highly gratified.

His Excellency also visited the Mechanics' Institute, the annual Exhibition of which Association is now proceeding. The officers of the Institute were in attendance to receive their distinguished visitor, and availed themselves of the opportunity to present the following address:

TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE RIGHT HONORABLE JAMES EARL OF ELGIN AND KINCARDINE, BARON BRUCE OF BIRNHEAD AND TORRY, &c. &c. GOVERNOR GENERAL OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA, &c. &c.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY,

We, the Officers and Members of the Toronto Mechanics' Institute, avail ourselves of the opportunity now presented, to offer to your Excellency a hearty welcome to our Hall; and to express our high gratification at the manner in which you have accepted the invitation to visit the exhibition.

We trust that the specimens of the skill and enterprise of the inhabitants of this growing city, submitted to your Excellency's inspection in these rooms will impress upon your mind a favourable opinion of the latent talent which undoubtedly exist in this community, and which only requires to be brought to light and encouraged, in order to produce the most useful fruits. It is scarcely to be denied that the energies of a people devoted to Mechanical and Agricultural pursuits, guided and tempered by intelligence and good morals, will manifestly the real goal of any country, than the possession of inexhaustible mines of mineral wealth, if unaccompanied by habits of industry, the restraint of virtue, and the gentle amenities of social life.

We are happy that this Institution—as well as others of a like nature, continues to enjoy the fostering care of the Provincial Legislature; we were much encouraged by the cordial support given to the proposal to establish Schools of Art and Design, and that the hopes excited by the provision made in the School Act, for the establishment of such institutions, will soon be realized, and that they may be as wisely organized and conducted as to exert the same elevating influence over the industrial classes in this country, as has been effected by similar institutions in Great Britain.

and agricultural pursuits, with guided and tempered by intelligence and good morals, and the want of the wholesome restraints of industry, the gentle amenities of social life.

I shall examine, therefore, with real interest, the specimens which you have collected of the skill and enterprise of the inhabitants of this growing city.

An institution which has a view such useful objects as those which you propose to yourselves, deserves all encouragement and support, and I trust that the legislative enactments to which you refer will be attended with much benefit to the industrial classes.

I accept with sincere gratification the assurance of your unabated attachment to the person and government of our most gracious Sovereign, and the kind wishes which you express for the welfare of myself and my family.

ELGIN AND KINCARDINE.

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ATTEMPTED DISTURBANCE.

On Tuesday evening about 10 o'clock, an attempt was made by a small party of the worst characters about town, to excite a disturbance in the city. The fire-bell was rung to call out the population, and the magistrates having collected to Church Street, came down that street with banners and sticks, and turning into King Street, proceeded westward towards Ella's Hotel. The police were on the alert, and stopped them near the foot of Young Street; a scuffle ensued in which the High Bailiff and several of the policemen were struck, and Mr. Robert Beckman who was aiding the police, received a severe blow on the head. The rioters did not exceed 25 or 30, but there were only 5 or 6 of the police.

The scoundrels re-assembled opposite Ella's Hotel, and shouted, and cheered, and hoisted, for some time, and then dispersed. The Mayor was speedily on the ground, and made efficient arrangements for bringing the disturbers of the peace to justice; several of the parties were arrested on the spot and sent to jail, and in the morning other arrests were made. Eleven persons were brought up at the Police Court yesterday afternoon.

The Grand Jury, however, happened to be in session at the time, and with the most praiseworthy alacrity, took the matter up at once; witnesses were forthwith summoned before them and examined; and before the Court rose yesterday, a presentment was made and warrants were issued for sixteen persons alleged to be implicated in the affair.

It is seldom we have had an opportunity of speaking in terms of approbation of our civil authorities, but we cannot but express our high sense of them, independent of the manner in which all have done their duty on this occasion. The Grand Jury is chiefly composed of Conservatives, the Mayor, Aldermen and the police are all Conservatives, but no man could have carried out more fearlessly their determination to maintain order in the community. Mr. Allan, High Bailiff, and his assistants deserve great credit for their conduct.

The following parties were presented by the Grand Jury for ringing the fire-bell when there was no fire:—Edward O'Brien, son of Dr. O'Brien, Editor of the *Patriot*, and one of the Professors in King's College University. William O'Brien, son of E. G. O'Brien, Secretary of the Provincial Mutual Insurance Co., and proprietor of the *Patriot*. The Grand Jury also presented the following persons for riot, and assaulting the officers in the execution of their duty:—John Wilson Confectioner. William Davis, Tavern-keeper, and one of the Common Councilmen of this city. Wm. Kerr, Shoemaker. Chas. Jordan, Labourer. John Wallace, of the City Painter, and one of the Common Councilmen of this city. Thomas Fullerton, from the country. James Lennox, carter. James Davis. Robert Hill, tin-smith. Edward Lennox. R. McKee, Tavern-keeper.—*Globe*.

Among the passengers per the *Cambria* was the Honorable the Inspector General, who arrived at Montreal on Saturday, but immediately left town en route for Toronto, to be present at a meeting of the Executive Council, to be held here this week.—*Globe*.

The Hon. Messrs Baldwin, LaFontaine, and Tache, left Montreal yesterday, for Toronto, to be present at a Cabinet Council. The Hon. gentlemen may be expected here to-morrow.—*Globe*.

The Telegraph report of last night says: "Nothing is talked of here but annexation and the contemplated removal of the Seat of Government to Toronto.—*Globe*."

Alex. Conroy, one of the parties arrested on a charge of arson in connection with the destruction of the Parliament Buildings, before the Grand Jury on Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, after a few hours illness.—*Globe*.

their ladies, should be invited to that grand diplomatic *feite*, with the exception of the French ambassador. It appears that M. and Madame Pousin had both previously called on the President, the minister presenting his lady to the family of the President, and everything passed off lady-like. This was a preliminary step in social diplomatic etiquette; but, for other reasons, it was proposed to give an invitation to M. Pousin, without including Madame Pousin. A considerable debate took place in the cabinet on this point, and Mr. Clayton was of opinion that Madame Pousin should not, and could not be invited with the minister. The same rule was observed with regard to M. Maris and his lady. The reasons assigned for the exclusion of these ladies, were the position which, according to rumor, they had occupied in Paris—the one had been a governess and the other a *grisette*; but I forbear to mention anything else.

On M. Pousin receiving his note of invitation for the Presidential dinner at the White House, without including Madame Pousin, he felt very indignant, but did not seem to know what course to take. He learned that Mr. Clayton was the person who brought about the exclusion of his lady, and his feelings became embittered to an extraordinary extent against him. Instead, however, of demanding an explanation, which he might have done, from the President and his Cabinet, M. Pousin allowed the exclusion and the dinner, and very unwisely allowed his feelings to escape in a diplomatic correspondence with Mr. Clayton, on other and more important matters, connected with the interests of the two countries.

The French Diplomat.—The *New York Herald* says it has a full account of the real difficulty between M. Pousin and our Government, but that it is too indelicate for publication! The fact turns out to be, says the *Pennsylvanian*, that instead of a diplomatic quarrel, it is actually a quarrel about a woman! This is a pretty thing to go to war about. The North American ought to feel ashamed of its fire-breathing letters on such a basis. What do we care whether Mr. Clayton wants M. Pousin's sweethearts or not? Are two great nations to disturb the peace of the civilized world on such an account? And the idea of the dignified wish press taking up such a quarrel!—*Cincinnati Eng.*

Gen. Taylor has refused to permit M. Pousin to resume his official functions, until further advice from France.—*Detroit Bulletin*.

A person writing from San Francisco says:—"To such an extent is the venereal for the fair sex carried here, that I have seen a party of Oregonians stop and have a dance around an old cast-off bonnet."—*Bulletin*.

Tennessee has at this time within her limits 47 furnaces, and 92 bloomeries, forges, and rolling mills. In the manufacture of iron she stands as the third State in the Union.—*Bulletin*.

The English Mail by the *Canada* arrived at Montreal on Saturday morning, and may therefore be expected here by the *Princess Royal* to-day.—*Globe*.

The *Canada Gazette* of Saturday, announced the following appointments:—Wm. Home Blake, Esq., to be Her Majesty's Chancellor for Upper Canada. James Christie Palmer Esq., to be Her Majesty's Vice-Chancellor for Upper Canada. Andrew Norton Baill, Esq., to be Registrar of Her Majesty's High Court of Chancery for Upper Canada.—*Globe*.

We learn that three fishermen living on the Island, were drowned in the bay during the gale on Saturday morning, they were endeavouring to cross from this city, in a small boat, their names we believe was Charlton.—*Globe*.

MAIL CONTRACT.—We learn that Donald Bethune, Esq., has obtained the contract for carrying the Mails, by Steamboat the whole way between Montreal and Hamilton commencing next season.—*Globe*.

induced by the ferocious ravings and blood-dropper of the *Colonist* and the *Patriot*, to excuse their own ignorance by an attempt at riot; but they were so few in number, and so low in the scale that they are altogether unable either to disgrace the city or to support or coalesce the poor forlorn Editors. The respectable Conservatives were most anxious and vigilant to arrest the progress of these unfortunate dupes—They have been headed over to the mercies of the Law, and we would earnestly trust that the Crown Lawyer would hold them in contempt, "For sympathizing and practically illustrating the dastardly doctrine of the *Colonist* and the *Patriot*!" It must be matter of deep regret to every man possessing the noblest feelings of humanity, to know that these deluded men will be punished for their credulity in attaching credit to the inflammatory productions of these Editors, and yet the Editors themselves who knew they were writing *falsely*, and knew also that the legitimate tendency of these writings was to incite ignorance to commit outrage, will pass unrebuked. But we have at least one consolation—the people of Upper Canada generally, and the inhabitants of Toronto in particular, have emphatically decided that no credit can safely be attached to the audacious ravings of these Journals. The question is decided—the revolutionary delusion has evaporated—Upper Canada has nobly and indignantly repudiated the foul aspersions of disloyalty and outrage, that the *Tory Press* has for the last six months been endeavoring to attach to her. And the great fact that real *Toryism* has now dwindled down into a mere shred of helpless dissimulation, supported only by an insignificant handful of lawless ruffians and hungry commoners: is now sufficiently established. The water lightning spirit of political faction, which has hitherto distracted the Province and enfeebled the energies of our industrious peasantry is now exhibited as a poor flimsy shadow—a kind of lifeless scarecrow employed by a paltry clique of knaves to terrify the simple and the ignorant. Lord Elgin is not only the best, but decidedly the most popular Governor that has been in Canada.—And it may be expected that the time, talents and exertions which have long been expended in fighting the Quixotic battles of Radical and *Tory* factions, will henceforth be cordially concentrated on the one grand object, of devising and carrying out those measures that will advance the true interests of the country; and which, with judicious management, will make Canada one of the wealthiest, happiest and most prosperous countries of the world.

THE DEAD SQUAW.

It was the first day of Indian Summer. The bleak and blustry wind that swept 'er field and forest, indicating, in loud moaning, the approach of winter, had howled itself to rest, and the bright sun threw his golden rays on the rainbow dyed woodland, and again promised life and vigor to the world. It was the first day of Indian Summer. But in that Indian wigwam, by the roadside, there is one to whom no Indian Summer comes! The tall squaw has died, and her red companions gaze upon her corpse, and in the flick of her eyelid, shed not one tear! There are no laws nor lines—sheeds nor writhing sheets. Her tall brazen limbs repose in those robes that long have hid them from the vulgar gaze; and her Mongolian features, coarse in life, are scarcely altered by the hand of Death. Poor child of nature! thou art gone to rest! Thy woes and wanderings in the woods are closed.—And weary stragglers have been there, toil, fatigue, hardships and hunger, and the heavy load—Why do thy kinsmen weep not for thy death?—have they no feelings? too true not beloved? Or is the Indian soul too weak to weep? It boots not now, thy mission is fulfilled, and thine, perhaps, was high and noble as the mass of other missions. Oursure, and steeped in poverty, thine, mingled with bitterness and pride's robe, more grief that joy, and ought to be of use thy ancient tribe or the achievements of thy sinewy limbs. Yet still thy mission was not less divine. Thou wert a "God's creature," and thy life was something in the countless mass of things that make a world. Enough, thou wert a portion of the plan, Heaven ordered thee, and it may be that the space and mission filled by thee were as important as the Queen and throne.—Men gaze upon thy lifelessness, and sigh, even wealth and beauty, hither led by curiosity, look on thee with a silent awe, and spite of all their gaiety and dress, and spite of their poverty and rags, feel the vibrations of that secret cord that binds the sympathies of human kind.—"Thine" thy features are smooth and grim, thy form is rude and clumsy, and no trace of loveliness, and that peculiar sweetness that adorns thy sex, was seen in thee—yet, still, thou wert a woman, and thy heart of shared the throbs and pang—experienced the sorrows, love, and joys, the fond desires and anxious, earnest wish of woman. Thy clay perhaps, was coarse, but still thou wert a woman, and though less gently moulded, it could move, and feel and think. Thy flesh, and bone, and sinew, all were made of substance varying not from that which forms the framework of humanity, and through thy veins flowed some of that same blood that lives and flows in Adam's progeny. Yes, thou wert a woman and hadst more than flesh and blood and bone—thou hadst a soul. A spark of that eternal fire which God at first breathed into human kind, and which, for ages, has rolled on, living and thinking in all human forms, lived in thee too, and spite of thy rude garb and rugged shape, and thy lowliness features and stern poverty, may place thee by some *gay* Empress' side, within the "House of many Mansions."

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Light has come into the world—there is intelligence even in Canada. The age of *log* has departed—and the phantoms of "French Domination," and "godless Universalism," pass on harmlessly amid the smiles and sunshine of intelligence.

The inhabitants of Toronto have honorably earned the respect and esteem of every intelligent man acquainted with the peculiar position which they occupied. With the exception of Montreal, we are not aware of any one instance where the conductors of the public press have used the same base and detestable means to infuriate the people, and drive them on to deeds of outrage and blood, as has been incessantly employed by the Conservative Editors of Toronto; and yet the people conducted themselves with a propriety and a love of order that would have been highly creditable to them even under the most favorable circumstances. The *Tory* Editors of Montreal succeeded in their nefarious intention to a considerable extent; and as deeds are said to exist in the success of their wickedness, the Montreal Editors must feel proud in the disgrace and consequent ruin which they have brought upon their city. But the design of the *Tory* Editors has been an abortion—they failed in their attempts to brutalize the people, and they must now endure the gallant mortification of knowing that they are despised, and that the diabolical dispositions which they were desirous of inciting, are exclusively their own property—nobody will take hold of them—nobody has any sympathy with them.—It is true—and we regret to record it, that a mere handful of poor ignorant dupes had been

led by the ferocious ravings and blood-dropper of the *Colonist* and the *Patriot*, to excuse their own ignorance by an attempt at riot; but they were so few in number, and so low in the scale that they are altogether unable either to disgrace the city or to support or coalesce the poor forlorn Editors. The respectable Conservatives were most anxious and vigilant to arrest the progress of these unfortunate dupes—They have been headed over to the mercies of the Law, and we would earnestly trust that the Crown Lawyer would hold them in contempt, "For sympathizing and practically illustrating the dastardly doctrine of the *Colonist* and the *Patriot*!" It must be matter of deep regret to every man possessing the noblest feelings of humanity, to know that these deluded men will be punished for their credulity in attaching credit to the inflammatory productions of these Editors, and yet the Editors themselves who knew they were writing *falsely*, and knew also that the legitimate tendency of these writings was to incite ignorance to commit outrage, will pass unrebuked. But we have at least one consolation—the people of Upper Canada generally, and the inhabitants of Toronto in particular, have emphatically decided that no credit can safely be attached to the audacious ravings of these Journals. The question is decided—the revolutionary delusion has evaporated—Upper Canada has nobly and indignantly repudiated the foul aspersions of disloyalty and outrage, that the *Tory Press* has for the last six months been endeavoring to attach to her. And the great fact that real *Toryism* has now dwindled down into a mere shred of helpless dissimulation, supported only by an insignificant handful of lawless ruffians and hungry commoners: is now sufficiently established. The water lightning spirit of political faction, which has hitherto distracted the Province and enfeebled the energies of our industrious peasantry is now exhibited as a poor flimsy shadow—a kind of lifeless scarecrow employed by a paltry clique of knaves to terrify the simple and the ignorant. Lord Elgin is not only the best, but decidedly the most popular Governor that has been in Canada.—And it may be expected that the time, talents and exertions which have long been expended in fighting the Quixotic battles of Radical and *Tory* factions, will henceforth be cordially concentrated on the one grand object, of devising and carrying out those measures that will advance the true interests of the country; and which, with judicious management, will make Canada one of the wealthiest, happiest and most prosperous countries of the world.

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The inhabitants of Toronto have honorably earned the respect and esteem of every intelligent man acquainted with the peculiar position which they occupied. With the exception of Montreal, we are not aware of any one instance where the conductors of the public press have used the same base and detestable means to infuriate the people, and drive them on to deeds of outrage and blood, as has been incessantly employed by the Conservative Editors of Toronto; and yet the people conducted themselves with a propriety and a love of order that would have been highly creditable to them even under the most favorable circumstances. The *Tory* Editors of Montreal succeeded in their nefarious intention to a considerable extent; and as deeds are said to exist in the success of their wickedness, the Montreal Editors must feel proud in the disgrace and consequent ruin which they have brought upon their city. But the design of the *Tory* Editors has been an abortion—they failed in their attempts to brutalize the people, and they must now endure the gallant mortification of knowing that they are despised, and that the diabolical dispositions which they were desirous of inciting, are exclusively their own property—nobody will take hold of them—nobody has any sympathy with them.—It is true—and we regret to record it, that a mere handful of poor ignorant dupes had been

led by the ferocious ravings and blood-dropper of the *Colonist* and the *Patriot*, to excuse their own ignorance by an attempt at riot; but they were so few in number, and so low in the scale that they are altogether unable either to disgrace the city or to support or coalesce the poor forlorn Editors. The respectable Conservatives were most anxious and vigilant to arrest the progress of these unfortunate dupes—They have been headed over to the mercies of the Law, and we would earnestly trust that the Crown Lawyer would hold them in contempt, "For sympathizing and practically illustrating the dastardly doctrine of the *Colonist* and the *Patriot*!" It must be matter of deep regret to every man possessing the noblest feelings of humanity, to know that these deluded men will be punished for their credulity in attaching credit to the inflammatory productions of these Editors, and yet the Editors themselves who knew they were writing *falsely*, and knew also that the legitimate tendency of these writings was to incite ignorance to commit outrage, will pass unrebuked. But we have at least one consolation—the people of Upper Canada generally, and the inhabitants of Toronto in particular, have emphatically decided that no credit can safely be attached to the audacious ravings of these Journals. The question is decided—the revolutionary delusion has evaporated—Upper Canada has nobly and indignantly repudiated the foul aspersions of disloyalty and outrage, that the *Tory Press* has for the last six months been endeavoring to attach to her. And the great fact that real *Toryism* has now dwindled down into a mere shred of helpless dissimulation, supported only by an insignificant handful of lawless ruffians and hungry commoners: is now sufficiently established. The water lightning spirit of political faction, which has hitherto distracted the Province and enfeebled the energies of our industrious peasantry is now exhibited as a poor flimsy shadow—a kind of lifeless scarecrow employed by a paltry clique of knaves to terrify the simple and the ignorant. Lord Elgin is not only the best, but decidedly the most popular Governor that has been in Canada.—And it may be expected that the time, talents and exertions which have long been expended in fighting the Quixotic battles of Radical and *Tory* factions, will henceforth be cordially concentrated on the one grand object, of devising and carrying out those measures that will advance the true interests of the country; and which, with judicious management, will make Canada one of the wealthiest, happiest and most prosperous countries of the world.

THE DEAD SQUAW.

It was the first day of Indian Summer. The bleak and blustry wind that swept 'er field and forest, indicating, in loud moaning, the approach of winter, had howled itself to rest, and the bright sun threw his golden rays on the rainbow dyed woodland, and again promised life and vigor to the world. It was the first day of Indian Summer. But in that Indian wigwam, by the roadside, there is one to whom no Indian Summer comes! The tall squaw has died, and her red companions gaze upon her corpse, and in the flick of her eyelid, shed not one tear! There are no laws nor lines—sheeds nor writhing sheets. Her tall brazen limbs repose in those robes that long have hid them from the vulgar gaze; and her Mongolian features, coarse in life, are scarcely altered by the hand of Death. Poor child of nature! thou art gone to rest! Thy woes and wanderings in the woods are closed.—And weary stragglers have been there, toil, fatigue, hardships and hunger, and the heavy load—Why do thy kinsmen weep not for thy death?—have they no feelings? too true not beloved? Or is the Indian soul too weak to weep? It boots not now, thy mission is fulfilled, and thine, perhaps, was high and noble as the mass of other missions. Oursure, and steeped in poverty, thine, mingled with bitterness and pride's robe, more grief that joy, and ought to be of use thy ancient tribe or the achievements of thy sinewy limbs. Yet still thy mission was not less divine. Thou wert a "God's creature," and thy life was something in the countless mass of things that make a world. Enough, thou wert a portion of the plan, Heaven ordered thee, and it may be that the space and mission filled by thee were as important as the Queen and throne.—Men gaze upon thy lifelessness, and sigh, even wealth and beauty, hither led by curiosity, look on thee with a silent awe, and spite of all their gaiety and dress, and spite of their poverty and rags, feel the vibrations of that secret cord that binds the sympathies of human kind.—"Thine" thy features are smooth and grim, thy form is rude and clumsy, and no trace of loveliness, and that peculiar sweetness that adorns thy sex, was seen in thee—yet, still, thou wert a woman, and thy heart of shared the throbs and pang—experienced the sorrows, love, and joys, the fond desires and anxious, earnest wish of woman. Thy clay perhaps, was coarse, but still thou wert a woman, and though less gently moulded, it could move, and feel and think. Thy flesh, and bone, and sinew, all were made of substance varying not from that which forms the framework of humanity, and through thy veins flowed some of that same blood that lives and flows in Adam's progeny. Yes, thou wert a woman and hadst more than flesh and blood and bone—thou hadst a soul. A spark of that eternal fire which God at first breathed into human kind, and which, for ages, has rolled on, living and thinking in all human forms, lived in thee too, and spite of thy rude garb and rugged shape, and thy lowliness features and stern poverty, may place thee by some *gay* Empress' side, within the "House of many Mansions."

THE HURON SIGNAL.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1849.

THE END OF THE DELUSION.

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